SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1851.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 13. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 21.

Weekly Almanack.

February.		H.	Sun.	Moon	H.	W.
1 Saturday,	-	7	21	5 8	rises	11 39
2 Sunday,	-	7	19	5 9	6	37 ev 2
3 Monday,	-	7	18	5 10	7	37 0 34
4 Tuesday,	-	7	17	5 12	8	46 1 5
5 Wednesday,	-	7	16	5 13	9	36 1 38
6 Thursday,	-	7	15	5 15	10	37 2 12
7 Friday,	-	7	13	5 16	11	35 2 52

New Moon, 1st Feb., 7h. 23m. morn.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.

J. WOODWARD.

MINERVA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
31, King William street, Mansion house, London

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Thomas Halifax, junior, Esquire.
Francis Mills, Esquire.
Thomas Heath, Esquire.
Claude E. Scott, Esquire.

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Dr. John Paddock, saint John, N. B.

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Sir Saunders Bowden, Esq., 65, Aldermanbury

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Messrs. Glyn, Halifax, Mills & Co.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart & Co.

WM. THOS. ROBINSON,
Actuary and Secretary.

The principles on which this Company is founded were adopted after mature consideration, and to be Assured it offers the combined advantages of the most successful establishments of its kind that have been formed of late years—moderate rates of premium and a large proportion of profits. The soundness of its principles, and the extensive influence exercised by the Directors have placed the Company on a sure basis; and the accumulations have been so considerable as materially to benefit the Policy holders.

Tables are prepared, enabling persons to Insure, either participating in profits, or at the least possible cost. By the former method they realise all the objects of Life Assurance, and benefit by their own longevity, without the speculative risk of Mutual Assurance Societies.

Four-fifths of the profits given every *five* years to the Assured by the participation scale.

AT the FIRST division of Profits for the five years ending 31st December, 1841, the Reversionary Bonus averaged 31 Per Cent. *on the Premium paid during the preceding five years!* The equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 17 Per Cent. *on the Annual Premiums payable during the succeeding Five Years.*

The SECOND division of Profits, was made on 23d June, 1847, for the five years ending 31st December, 1846. The clear divisible surplus was then £30,239 7s. 9d, four-fifths of which, have been distributed according to the provisions of the Deed of settlement, among the Policy holders an AVERAGE REDUCTION on THE PREMIUMS PAYABLE until the next division in 1852, of 31½ per cent.; or gave an equivalent REVERSIONARY BONUS, averaging £3 13s. 5d. per cent. on the sums assured, or £34 per cent. on the *Premiums received thereon during the last five years.*

The THIRD Division of Profits will take place in June 1852 and all Policies effected by the Participation scale during 1849 will Receive Two Years Bonus at such Division if then in force.

Persons assured with this Company are allowed to reside in the colonies of *British North America, New South Wales* and *Cape of Good Hope*, without extra charge upon payment of sea risk only for the two latter.

No appearance before the Court of Directors required.

Loans are granted on deposit of Policies for five years standing, to the extent of their value.

In addition to the utmost liberality exercised by the Directors in the settlement of claims, the Company will be liable, should a person assured die within one month after a renewable Premium becomes due, provided the Premium be paid within the stipulated period.

No entrance-money or fees of any kind are exacted, nor any charge made for Policies beyond the cost of the stamps.

Premiums may be paid, either by even annual or half yearly payments, by a single payment, by payments for a limited number of years, and also by an ascending scale.

Tables and every information can be obtained on application to the Office of

HANNEY, STURDEE & CO., St John.
St John, N. B. 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick.*

HUGH RENNICK,
BOOT and SHOE MAKER,
WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Shop to No. 24, North side of King Street, five doors above Germain Street, where he keeps constantly on hand BOOTS and SHOES of his own Manufacture made of the best Leather that the market can produce, which he will sell very cheap for cash.

☞ If No. 24, you will please to inquire, by calling elsewhere you may have to pay higher.

☞ All orders in the above line will be promptly executed. St. John, May 10, 1850.

Sheet Iron, Boiler Plate, and
TIN PLATES.
Ex brig *Chany* from Liverpool—now landing
118 BUNDLES Sheet IRON, No. 20 to 24, 200 sheets Boiler Plates, ass'd sizes; 55 Boxes Charcoal Tin Plates, IC. IX. &c.
THOS. P. RAYMOND,
October 10. Nelson street

FREEMASONS—A neat assortment of Lamb Skin Aprons for sale at 4 King street
October 25 J. CROUCH.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B
(Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner - Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in CASH in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

CAUTION.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Deshrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B Moore, Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.
St. Stephens: W. T. Ross, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
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WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager, St. John, N. B.*

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!
Just Received —
A Large assortment of the newest Polkas, Waltzes, Duets, Songs, &c., also another lot of that choice Coffee.
To arrive a large assortment of Fancy goods, Books and other articles suitable for Christmas.
J. CROUCH.
November 22. *4, South side King street.*

Wallsend & Liverpool Coals.
500 CHALDRONS, on hand, in yard—warranted as good and as round as any that comes to the port. For sale at 27s 6d per chaldron.
Also—100 Chaldrons Joggins *COALS*, at 22s 6d.
JOHN KINNEAR.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South-wark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted as an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM.* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chigo-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TWEEDIES, No. 1, King Street, St John, N. B

Miscellaneous.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

(From the New York Tribune.)

One of the most degrading and at the same time, to a large class of persons, one of the most tempting forms of gambling, is found at the low drinking houses, where RAFFLING for poultry, watches, jewelry, articles of clothing, guns, pistols, bowie-knives, furniture, and other light kinds of property, is carried on to a great extent, and a quantity of liquor-drinking indulged in during the intervals of the game.—The stake put up is usually not much above the value of a dollar, and is divided into shares of a shilling or sixpence each, the winner being expected to stand treat for the whole company. In over two thousand grog shops and fashionable drinking saloons in New York, this game is going on every night of the week, attracting throngs of young people, broken down gamblers, raw youths from the country in pursuit of the elephant, idle loafers about town, and others who are always on the scent of whatever gives the promise of sport.

The game however, is not confined to the drinking houses. There are several establishments of a more private character, where they furnish lights, dice and tables for a certain per centage, which the players put up in each pool. These houses are of a more genteel description than the haunts just mentioned; they are frequented principally by young men of good family; the play is usually for money; they are conducted with more order and system; and may justly be called raffling clubs. Here many first get the taste of blood. They acquire a thirst, a passion for games of chance, which grows stronger by indulgence, and at last sends them to the tables of the blackleg, from which the descent is easy to the lowest depths of a New York hell.

This game, as a general rule, is not one for very high play. Still it possesses a strong fascination, and sucks in its victims with no less certainty and rapidity than the Faro table.

The Saloons are for the most part conducted by the most vulgar and degraded specimens of the gambling fraternity.—Some of the proprietors are persons whose ambition is amply gratified by the eminence of their position; they wish for nothing better than the chance which it affords to spread their toils over the unwary victims, and bring them within the reach of their infernal grasp. Their Saloons are often decorated with great splendor;—the bars furnished with a dazzling array of many colored decanters—showy lanterns hung out to guide the passer-by into the road to ruin—while paid agents are kept on the trot, soliciting men of all classes from the capitalist to the coal-heaver, and endeavoring to seduce them by all arts of persuasion to try their luck in the last plausible scheme of deception.

The Christmas and New Year's holidays, which present such general excitements to the population of the city of New York, afford a rich harvest to the raffling houses. At this season they are thronged with great numbers, among whom is a larger portion of working men, often of the poorer classes, risking the hard earned gains of labor for the hope of a paltry prize. These in many instances, are men of good morals, honest, hard working, industrious laborers, who have been tempted by the prospect of a fat turky, or a fine brace of fowls, to risk their sixpence on the throw of the dice. But this is not the end of it. If the man wins, he is expected to pay for drinks all round; if he loses, he must drink with the winner; and in this way, between the two fines, is lucky if he does not get badly singed. The instances are not uncommon, where, in less than an hour, a man is stripped of the earnings of a whole week and in a state of brutal intoxication sent home to a destitute, hungry and shivering family.

Like all gambling establishments, the raffle houses trust not only to luck, but use every means in their power to fleece their visitors. We will relate an instance which took place not long since in one of the most fashionable of the concerns in our city. A gentlemen, who had been in the habit of meeting there with bankers, brokers, merchant's clerks, and others, whose pockets were well lined, on one occasion lost to so large an amount as to awaken suspicion in his mind, and spoke of the fact to some of his friends. It was decided to lodge a complaint against the house with the Police. A warrant was issued and the landlord arrested. While the process was pending, the raffling dice and box, which had been used in the game were seized and examined. They were found to be false. The dice were loaded with platina, so that the small numbers came up with every throw.—The gamblers had dice of their own, which they secretly put into the box on their turn to play. This was done so slily as to escape detection, long practice having given them the hocus-pocus skill of a Blitz or a McAllister. This case is not yet decided. Whether the keeper of the house and his confederates will meet their deserts or still go "unwhipt of justice" is more than we can venture to predict.

Another instance of a different kind occurs to our memory. The victim was a young lawyer of handsome abilities and good reputation. His habits were unexceptionable in all respects, a regular teetotaler, a diligent man of business, and remarkable for his economy, prudence, and thrift. United by marriage to a young lady of great moral worth and of congenial disposition—sustaining a highly respectable rank in society—and reaping a rich pecuniary reward for the exercise of his talents, his lot in life seemed very enviable and almost beyond the reach of the temptation into which he finally fell.

Soon after his marriage he began to deposit $50 a week for safe keeping with his wife. A sum of over $2,000 was thus accumulated. In an evil hour he made the acquaintance of the proprietor of a celebrated raffling house, who applied to him for legal advice. They soon struck up an intimacy. He confided to the raffle-keeper the fact of his having saved the sum above mentioned. This the other determined to get into his own possession. He laid his trap with great art. Having everything in readiness, he closed the legal business on which he had visited the attorney, and invited him to bring his bill to his house that evening for settlement. The lawyer consented. On entering the room he found several gentlemen engaged in a raffle. He was asked to take a seat with them, and was introduced to the players. The stake was small. Each man put up two or three shillings, and the highest throw on three dice took the pool. He was induced to try his hand, and was successful, winning several pools. Elated with his good luck, he left the place, determined to make it another visit. On arriving at his home he made the usual deposit. "That night," we use his own words, "I dreamt of nothing but the raffle. I was haunted with the thoughts of my good luck.—When I awoke in the morning I was impatient for the evening to come. All day I counted the hours till the clock struck the time when I could resume the game. As soon as it was fairly dark, I was again at the table. But I had lost my luck. I played late, but could not win, though my losses were small. I continued the game till my opponents closed. Returning the next night, I was again unlucky. I lost in small sums to such an amount that I was obliged to break in upon the deposit of $50, and for the first time failed to intrust it with my wife. I become more and more excited. My brain seemed on fire. I urged my companions to higher play. But all to no purpose. I seemed doomed to the worst fate. At this stage of my career, I was introduced to the Faro Table by a notorious gambler. Here I began to play, flushed with the hope that fortune would turn. My ill luck pursued me. I lost more than ever. I played for large sums and was always unsuccessful. At length I began to encroach upon the deposit.—Every cent of it was lost. Every thing that I could earn went with it. I scraped all I could together from borrowing of my friends. But it was all in vain. I was stripped of everything. I had become a gambler and was now a beggar.

It is but a few months since this unfortunate man was employed in a suit of considerable importance and a large retaining fee placed in his hands. This was parted with at the Faro Table. He was now desperate. He succeeded in obtaining a loan of his client of a few hundred dollars. This went with the rest. Soon after a judgement of a large amount was obtained in favor of his client. The money was paid over to him on Friday, and before Sunday morning it was all gone. He then saw that disgrace and punishment would follow exposure. Pawning his office furniture and law-books, he raised the wind enough to enable him to leave the City clandestinely. His family was left in destitution and misery, ignorant of the cause of the cruel treatment they had received, and have since separated from him entirely.

We might multiply incidents of a similar character to any extent. But we need say no more to show the pernicious effects of this nefarious game, which holds such a prominent rank in the fatal series through which the gambler is hurried to irremediable perdition.

RECOGNITION OF VOICE BETWEEN THE EWE AND THE LAMB.—The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand all braying at the same time, and making noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated, and that is no joke neither. Besides the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things that ever amused me more than a sheep-sheering, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shrivelling—a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about and, uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision.—The mother's voice arrests her flight—it returns again, generally for ten or dozen times before the reconcilement is fairly made up.— *The Ettrick Shepherd.*

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

UGLINESS REDEEMED.

A TALE OF A LONDON DUST-HEAP.

On a murky morning in November, wind north-east, a poor old woman with a wooden leg was seen struggling against the fitful gusts of the bitter breeze, along a stony, zig-zag road, full of deep and irregular cart ruts; her ragged petticoat was blue, and so was her wretched hose. A stick was in her left hand, which assisted her to dig and hobble her way along; and in her other hand, supported also beneath her withered arm, was a large, rusty, iron sieve. Dust and fine ashes filled up all the wrinkles in her face; and of these there were a prodigious number, for she was eighty-three years of age. Her name was Peg Dotting.

About a quarter of a mile distant, having a long ditch and a broken-down fence as a fore-ground, there rose against the muddled-gray sky, a huge dust-heap of a dirty-black color—being, in fact, one of those immense mounds of cinders, ashes, and other emptyings from dust holes and bins, which have conferred celebrity on certain suburban neighbourhoods of a great city. Toward this dusty mountain old Peg Dotting was now making her way.

Advancing toward the dust-heap by an opposite path, very narrow, and just reclaimed from the mud by a thick layer of freshly broken flints, there came at the same time Gaffer Doubleyear, with his bone bag slung over his shoulder. The rags of his coat fluttered in the east-wind, which also whistled keenly round his almost rimless hat, and troubled his one eye. The other eye, having met with an accident, last week, he had neatly covered with an oyster-shell, which was kept in its place by a string of each side, fastened through a hole. He used no staff to help him along, though his body was nearly bent double, so that his face was constantly turned to the earth, like that of a four-footed creature. He was ninety-seven years old.

As these two patriarchal laborers approached the great dust heap, a discordant voice hallooed to them from the top of a broken wall. It was meant as a greeting of the morning, and proceeded from little Jem Clinker, a poor deformed lad, whose back had been broken when a child. His nose and chin were much too large for the rest of his face, and he had lost nearly all his teeth from premature decay. But he had an eye gleaming with intelligence and life, and an expression at once patient and hopeful. He had balanced his mis-shaped frame on the top of the old wall, over which one shrivelled leg dangled, as if by the weight of a hob-nailed boot, that covered a foot large enough for a ploughman.

In addition to his first morning's salutation of his two aged friends, he now shouted out in a tone of triumph and self gratulation, in which he felt assured of their sympathy—"Two white skins, and a tor'shell-un."

It may be requisite to state that little Jem Clinker belonged to the dead-cat department of the dust-heap, and now announced that a prize of three skins, in superior condition, had rewarded him for being first in the field. He was enjoying a seat on the wall in order to recover himself from the excitement of his good fortune.

At the base of the great dust-heap the two old people now met their young friend—a sort of great-grandson by mutual adoption—and they at once joined the party who had by this time assembled as usual, and were already busy at their several occupations.

But besides all these, another individual, belonging to a very different class, formed a part of the scene, though appearing only on its out-skirts. A canal ran at the rear of the dust heap, and on the banks of its opposite side slowly wandered by—with hands clasped and hanging down in front of him, and eyes bent vacantly upon his hands—the form of a man in a very shabby great-coat, which had evidently once belonged to one in the position of a gentleman. And to a gentleman it still belonged—but in what a position! A scholar, a man of wit, of high sentiment, of refinement, and a good fortune withal—now by a sudden "turn of law" beret of the last only, and finding that none of the rest, for which (having his fortune) he had been so much admired, enabled him to gain a livelihood. His title deeds had been lost or stolen, and so he was bereft of every thing he possessed. He had talents, and such as would have been profitably available had he known how to use them for this new purpose; but he did not—he was misdirected; he made fruitless efforts, in his want of experience; and he was now starving.—As he passed the great dust-heap, he gave one vague, melancholy gaze that way and then looked wistfully into the canal as he slowly moved along, till he was out of sight.

A dust heap of this kind is often worth thousands of pounds. The present one was very large and very valuable. It was in fact a large hill, and being in the vicinity of small suburb cottages, it rose above them like a great black mountain—Thistles, groundsel and rank grass grew in knots on small parts which had remained for a long time undisturbed; crows often alighted on its top, and seemed to put on their spectacles and become very busy and serious; flocks of sparrows often made predatory descents upon it; an old goose and gander might sometimes be seen following each other its side, nearly midway; pigs rooted round its base, and now and then, one bolder than the rest would venture some way up, attracted by the mixed odors of some hidden marrow-bone enveloped in a decayed cabbage leaf—a rare event, both of these articles being unusual oversights of the searchers below.

The principal ingredient of all these dust-heaps is fine cinders and ashes, but as they are accumulated from the contents of all the dust-holes and bins of the vicinity, and as many more as possible, the fresh arrivals in their original state present very heterogeneous materials. We cannot better describe them than by presenting a brief sketch of the different departments of the searchers and sorters, who are assembled below to busy themselves upon the mass of original matters which are shot out from the carts of the dustmen.

The bits of coal, the pretty numerous result of accident and servants' carelessness, are picked out to be sold forthwith; the largest and best of the cinders are also selected, by another party, who sell them to laundresses or to braziers; and the next sort of cinders, called the *breeze*, because it is left after the wind has blown the finer cinders through an upright sieve, is sold to the brick-makers.

Two other departments, called the "soft-ware" and the "hard-ware," are very important. The former includes all vegetable and animal matters—every thing that will decompose. They are selected and bagged at once, and carried off as soon as possible, to be sold as manure for ploughed land, wheat, barley, &c. Under this head, sir, dead cats are comprised. They are generally the perquisites of the women searchers. Dealers come to the wharf or dust-field every evening; they give sixpence for a white cat, fourpence for a colored cat, and for a black one according to her quality. The "hard-ware" includes all broken pottery, pans, crockery, earthenware, &c., which are sold to make new roads.

"The bones" are selected with care and sold to the soap-boiler. He boils out the fat and marrow first, for special use, and the bones are then crushed and sold for manure.

Of "rags," the woolen rags are bagged and sent off for hop-manure; the white linen rags are washed, and sold to make paper, &c.

The "tin-things" are collected and put into an oven with a grating at the bottom, so that the solder, which unites the parts melts, and runs through into a receiver. This is sold seperately—the detached pieces of tin are then sold to be melted up with old iron, &c.

Bits of old brass, lead, &c., are sold to be melted up seperately, or in the mixture of ores.

All broken glass vessels, as cruets, mustard-pots, tumblers, wine glasses, bottles, &c., are sold to the old glass shops.

As for any articles of jewelry, silver-spoons, forks, thimbles, or other plate and valuables, they are pocketed off-hand by the first finder. Coins of gold and silver are often found, and many coppers.

Meanwhile every body is hard at work near the base of the great dust heap. A certain number of cart loads having been raked and searched for all the different things just described, the whole of it now undergoes the process of sifting.—The men throw up the stuff, and the women sift it.

"When I was a young girl," said Peg Dotting

"That's a long while ago, Peggy," interrupted one of the sifters: but Peg did not hear her.

"When I was quite a young thing," continued she, addressing old John Doubleyear, who threw up the dust into her sieve, "It was the custom to wear pink roses in the shoes, as bright as that morsel of ribbon Sally has just picked out of the dust; yes and sometimes in the hair, too, on one side of the head, to set off the white powder and salve-stuff. I never wore one of these head-dresses myself—don't throw up the dust so high, John—but I lived only a few doors lower down from those as did. Don't throw up the dust so high, I tell 'ee—the wind takes into my face."

"Ah! There! What's that?" suddenly exclaimed little Jem, running as fast as his poor withered legs would allow him, toward a fresh heap which had just been shot down from a dustman's cart. He made a dive and a search; then another—then one deeper still. "I'm sure I saw it!" cried he, and he again made a dash with both of his hands into a fresh place, and began to distribute the ashes, and dust, and rubbish on every side to the great merriment of all the rest.

"What did you see, Jem?" asked old Doubleyear, in a compassionate tone.

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, "only it was like a bit of something made of real gold."

A fresh burst of laughter from the company assembled followed this somewhat vague declaration, to which the dustmen added one or two elegant epithets, expressive of their contempt of the notion that *they* could have overlooked a bit of anything valuable in the process of emptying sundry dust-holes and carting them away.

"Ah," said one of the sifters, "poor Jem's always a fancying something or other good—but it never comes."

"Didn't I find three cats this morning?" cried Jem; "two on 'em white 'uns! How you go on!"

"I meant something quite different from the like o' that," said the other; "I was a-thinking of the rare sights all you three have had, one time and another."

The wind having changed and the day become bright, the party at work all seemed disposed to be more merry than usual. The foregoing remark excited the curiosity of several of the sifters, who had recently joined the company, the parties alluded to were requested to favor them with the recital; and though the request was made with only a half-concealed irony, still it was all in good-natured pleasantry, and was immediately complied with. Old Doubleyear spoke first.

"I had a bad night of it with the rats some years ago—they run'd all over the floor, and over the bed, and one on 'em com'd and gav a squeak close into my ear—as I couldn't sleep comfortable, I wouldn't ha' minded a trifle of it; but this was too much of a good thing. So I got up before sunrise, and went out for a walk; and thinking I might as well be near our work-place, I slowly com'd down this way. I worked in a brick-field at that time, near the canal yonder. The sun was just a-rising up behind the dust-heap as I got in sight of it—and soon it rose above, and was very bright; and though I had two eyes then, I was obliged to shut them both. When I opened them again the sun was higher up; but in his haste to get over the dust heap he had dropped something. You may laugh. I say he had dropped something. Well, I can't say what it was, in course—a bit of his self, I suppose. It was just like him—a bit on him, I mean—quite as bright—just the same—only not so big. And not up in sky, but a-lying and sparkling all on fire on the top as the dust-heap.—Thinks I—I was a younger man then by some years than I am now—I'll go and have a nearer look. Though you be a bit o' the sun, may-be you won't hurt a poor man. So I walked toward the dust-heap, and up I went, keeping the piece of sparkling fire in singht all the while. But before I got up to it, the sun went behind a cloud—and as he went-out-like, so the young 'un he had dropped, went out arter him. And I had my climb up the heap for nothing, tho' I had marked the place were it lay very precisely. But there was no signs at all on him, and no morsel left of the light as had been there. I searched all about;